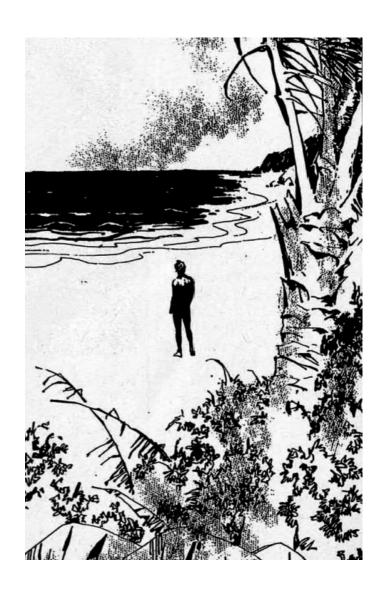
MANCO SLOANE

(di Alfredo Grassi e Arturo Del Castillo)



Skorpio, 1990

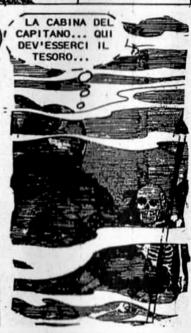
EURA EDITORIALE

HAKE



















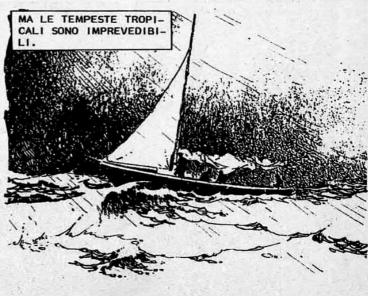








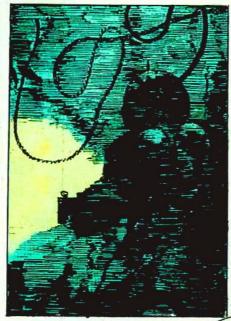






































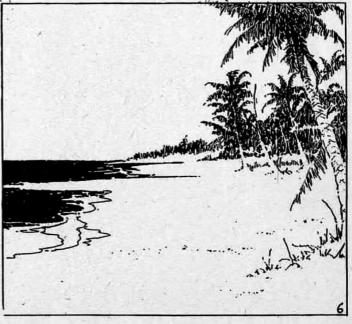
DENTRO LA TUTA ERMETICA, L' ARIA SI E' FATTA IRRESPIRABI-LE... RAREFATTA COME LA SPE-RANZA...

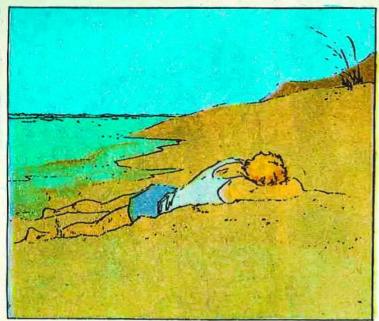










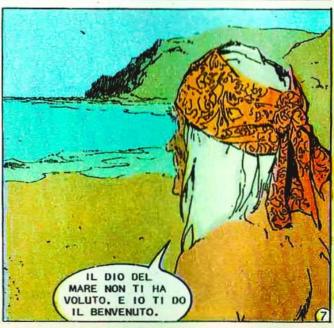


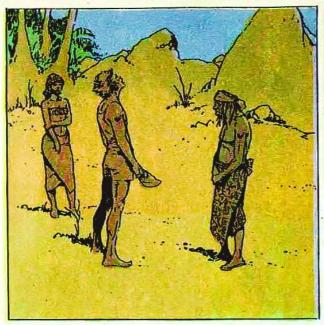








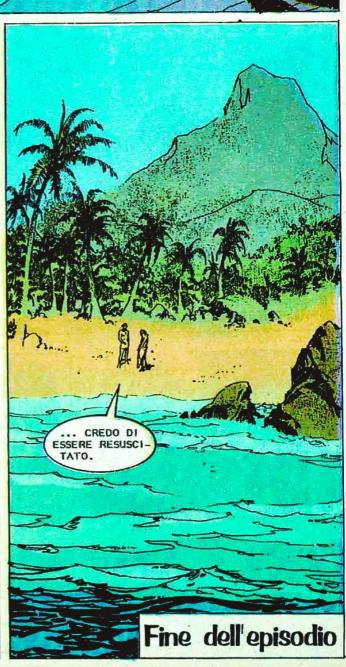




















Testo di GRASSI



Disegno di DEL CASTILLO



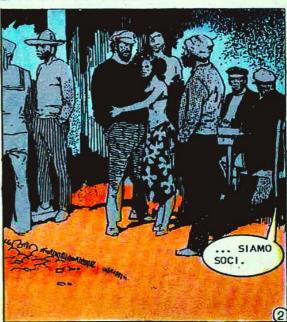


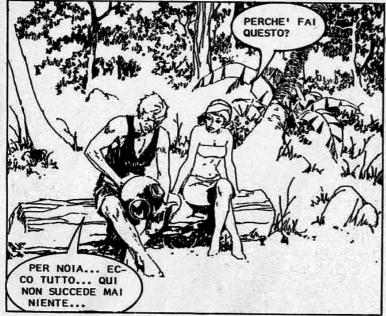


NO! IO SONO UN UOMO ONORATO! E
PORTERO' CON ME SOLO I MIEI DUE
UOMINI, MENTRE TU AVRAI TUTTA LA
TUA CIURMA... DOVREI ESSERE IO A
PREOCCUPARMI DI TE...



















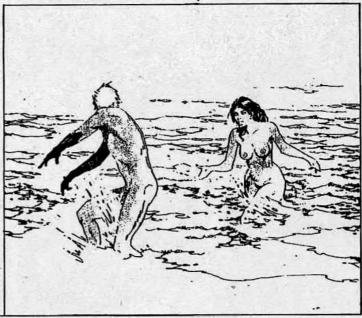






















QUI E' AFFONDATO IL GALEO-









PERCHE' SONO QUI? PERCHE'







































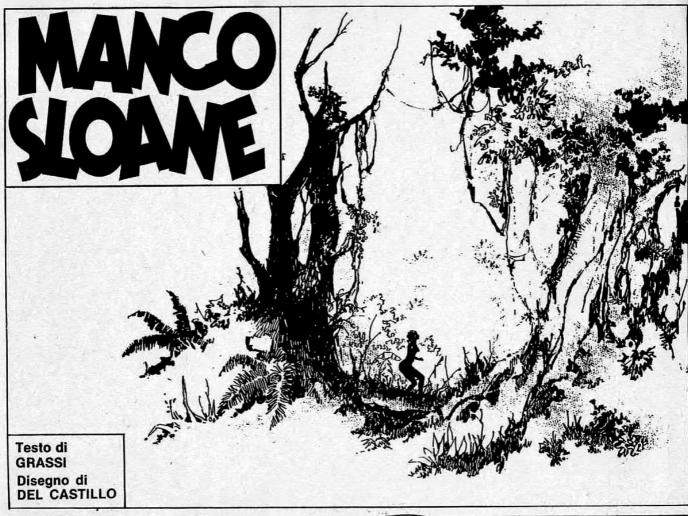




























... QUANDO SI
SA CHE DOMANI
DOBBIAMO TORNARE
AL PORTO PER CERCARE UN ALTRO
PALOMBARO.

MI HAI DATO RETTA
PERCHE' SEI UN VIGLIACCO COME GLI ALTRI... TEMI
I FANTASMI... E VUOI ASSICURARTI CHE NON CE NE SIA
UNO QUI... MENTRE IO DEVO SCOPRIRE CHE COSA
STA SUCCEDENDO.
ANDIAMO.



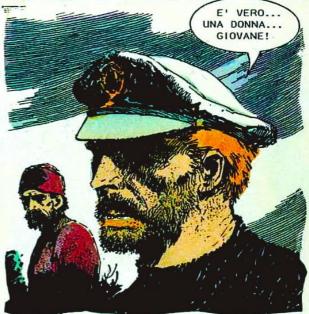




























































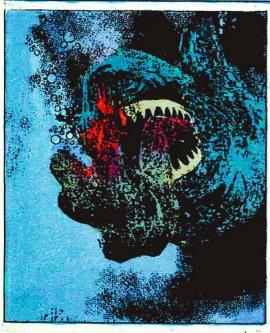




























MA LA SOLA RISPO-STA E' IL SILENZIO... E IL GRIDO STRIDU-LO DI UN GABBIANO CHE SPIEGA LE ALI, DISTURBATO NEL SON-NO, PER VOLARE VER-SO LA LUNA LONTANA. UNA LUNA FREDDA, STACCATA DAL DOLO-RE, DALLA SOLITUDI-NE, DALLA MORTE.

